

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1086.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1841.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Original Communications.

### RAMBLES ROUND WASHINGTON.

THE FIELD OF BLADENSBURG—ALEXANDRIA—MOUNT VERNON.

THE latter end of the month of June was so intensely hot, that I availed myself of every opportunity of an escape from the dull uninteresting streets of Washington, and sought a more grateful shade in the adjoining forests than that which was so scantily afforded by the long straight rows of Lombardy poplars in the Pennsylvania avenue, or by the young and stunted shrubs in the terraced gardens of the capital. One day would be well spent in a trip along the magnificent line of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, to the sublime and beautifully picturesque falls of the Potomac, sixteen miles above Washington; another would be occupied in a stroll to George Town, with its convent and college on the range of heights to the west of the President's House; or in courting the slight breezes which occasionally found their way from the ocean up the broad waters of the River of Swans.\* Then again the field of the Battle of Bladensburg, six miles distant, on the line of the Baltimore road, the scene of Ross's victory over the American forces in 1814, and which decided the fate of the capital of the United States, afforded a ramble, replete with interest and pleasurable associations. For the defence of Washington, the position was certainly good; the ground occupied by the American troops gradually declines towards the eastern branch of the Potomac, on the far side of which are scattered the houses and orchards of the little village of Bladensburg. The Baltimore road, by which the British advanced, passes through the heart of the village, and crossing the river by a wooden bridge, divides the American position in about two equal parts. The British passing the bridge (which the American commander in the most unaccountable manner neglected to destroy, or to vigorously dispute its passage), rushed on to the enemy's position, and occupied it with scarcely a struggle. The Baltimore troops fled with the greatest precipitation; a body of sailors, under Commodore Barney,

alone attempting, by a spirited resistance, to retrieve the errors of the day. Never was the capital of a country surrendered so easily; 800 men formed the sum total of killed and wounded, in two contending armies, whose numbers fell nothing short of 25,000 men. The *saute qui peut* retreat of the American forces verged so closely on the ridiculous, after their previous eagerness to be led into action, that the citizens generally looked upon the affair in a ludicrous light, and facetiously termed it the "Bladensburg Races." But you cannot venture to insinuate to a genuine Yankee, that the arms of the republic ever sustained a defeat by those of the mother country, but he is out with his bowie-knife, and swears he will exterminate you, or give you a leaden passport to the kingdom of Plato.

\* \* \* \* \*

But by far the most interesting spot within lionizing distance of Washington is Mount Vernon, and the Tomb of Washington. It was early on the morning of the 21st of June, that, as a passenger in the "good" steam-boat the Edinburgh, I glided down the Potomac to Alexandria—a town on the Virginian side of the river, and about seven miles below Washington. True, John Bull like, (although I had already paid somewhat dearly for my experience in the difficulties which attended sight-seeing in America,) I had not entertained a doubt but that I should find ample conveyance to the tomb of the father of the country. But no! although I was here in a flourishing town with 8000 inhabitants, the only offer I could avail myself of, was to quietly await the return of a horse which was either at work in the hay-field or had gone out with a pack-load of goods to a country customer. American towns, however, possess one important advantage over those of equal size in the mother country. The anxious traveller has not to kick his heels by the hour in the stable yard, or stretch them on the opposite hobs of the coffee-room fireplace, poring over musty old directories, or well-smoked copies of a provincial

\* Potomac, or Potowmac, in the language of the poor Indians (the aborigines), signifies "the River of Swans."

weekly paper, until, with worn-out patience, he consigns the town and all its contents to the depths of the Red Sea; for they generally possess some public institution as an intellectual lounging place. At once, therefore, I inquired for the Museum in Alexandria, and posting off to it, found some excellent specimens of natural history, seen certainly to very little advantage, and also a vast collection of the usual American trash, and childish trifles of fragments of shells, grape-shot, blood-stained jackets of soldiers killed in action, and such a complete *omnium gatherum* of rubbish that it was both hard and dirty work to find out what was worthy of notice. Amongst this class were several relics of Washington's, which it was impossible to view without a kind of reverential feeling, such as the *red satin robe* in which he was christened—his mason's dress—his military canteen—a pen-knife with a pearl handle, given to him by his mother when twelve years of age, and which he kept fifty-six years—the last letter written by him, being an apology, on behalf of himself and Mrs. Washington, for declining an invitation to a ball at Alexandria. It is penned with singular neatness and accuracy; and the veteran guardian of the institution not raising an objection, I committed a copy of it to the pages of my note-book. It runs as follows:—

12 November, 1799.

Gentlemen,—Mrs. Washington and self have been honoured with your polite invitation to the assemblies in Alexandria this winter, and thank you for this mark of your attention. But, alas! our dancing days are over—we wish, however, all those whose relish is for so agreeable and innocent an amusement, all the pleasure the season will afford them; and I am, gentlemen, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

To the Committee, &c. &c.

Amongst other mementoes of the revolutionary war, were two colours taken from the Royal army, one from the Hessians at the battle of Trenton, the other from the 7th Fusiliers at the surrender of Cornwallis at York Town. There was a label attached to each, the first inscribed "Alpha;" the latter, "Omega." My *cicerone* said that Washington had himself thus presented them to the Museum as the fruits of his first and his last victory. I doubted the old man, inasmuch as he was giving Washington credit for an act of vanity quite inconsistent with his character, and we parted on bad terms.

My guide-book told me that the road to Mount Vernon was "uninhabited and difficult to trace," but I set forth on my pilgrimage with a firm resolution not to retrace my steps so long as I knew the

points of the compass. Having learned that Mount Vernon bore nine miles south by east from Alexandria, I managed tolerably well over a poor sandy country for the first few miles, until, arriving at a cross road, I found myself on the horns of a dilemma. There were neither signpost nor living being from whom I could gain information, and each road appeared as grass-grown and as unfrequented as its *vis-à-vis*; so trusting to my horse and good luck, I jogged briskly along for several miles, when meeting with a woman, I heard the agreeable news that I had taken the wrong road; but with her directions to "keep the sun over my right shoulder," I struck off at once into the forest, and after losing my temper ten times, and my road twice as many, in a couple of hours I arrived at the lodge-gates of Mount Vernon. On landing at Alexandria, and the *locus quo* of Mount Vernon being pointed out to me as being just below, in the next reach of the river, I very naturally asked, "Can I hire a boat and run down there for a couple of hours?" "No," was the reply, "the proprietor acts on the exclusive system, and will not allow either steam-boat or row-boat to land their passengers on his property, under the plea that great depredations have been committed in the gardens, and amongst the ornamental trees." "Who could be such Goths?" said I. "Why," replied my informant, "it was much the fashion a short time ago for the volunteer corps and republican associations to make pilgrimages to the tomb, *en masse*; and the story goes, that on an occasion of this kind some gentlemen from Boston (commonly called Yankees) cut so many walking-sticks from the sacred ground that, upon their return home, they made a good round sum of money over their travelling expenses by retailing them at a dollar a-piece." The Southerners never let slip an opportunity of telling a good story against their Yankee brethren, and this was not only a good one, as characteristic of their *business-like* habits, but, more than probable, not far from the truth; at any rate, the proprietor of Mount Vernon does his utmost to discourage pilgrimages both by land and water, for, letting alone the immense difficulty of finding the way to the Lodge, when you are there the road through the demesne is worse than the highway, it being carried nearly the entire distance up a deep wooded ravine, and over the rough stony bed of a winter's torrent.

The house was built by Lawrence Washington, a brother of the general's, and received its name out of compliment to Admiral Vernon, in whose celebrated expedition he had served. He was succeeded by the general, from whom (having no children) it descended to his nephew, John Washington, who died three days prior to

my visit, in consequence of which event I did not seek admission. I heard that there was nothing of interest or curiosity within the house, excepting the key of the Bastille, and a small fragment of a jug, bearing a likeness of the general, and considered the most striking ever seen. The best part of the story too, is, that the jug was moulded in England by a common potter who had never seen Washington.

The house is built of wood, two stories in height, the exterior stuccoed in imitation of stone. A portico, supported by square wooden pillars, extends the full-length of the river front, and the roof is surmounted by a light wooden tower. The situation is pretty, but little has been done by art to add to its natural beauty. The pleasure-grounds are laid out in a tasteless style, and kept in a slovenly manner; high, rank grass; flourishing up to the very threshold; but Mount Vernon is no exception to any rule; the Americans possess not a particle of taste for ornamental gardening; at any rate, it has no visible existence to the traveller's eye, for I rarely saw a cottage or a mansion which might be the property of a man of independent fortune, that had anything approaching to an English acceptance of the term "flower-garden" attached to it.

E. T. C.

(To be continued.)

## Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

### MARGUERITE.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

(Continued from p. 300.)

It was eight o'clock in the evening,—Madame de Morency, who was busily engaged in reading a romance, her nephew, Jules Markief, in colouring some wood-engravings of the evangelists, and Marguerite, a young girl whose name we have not yet mentioned, in embroidering, were seated round a table, upon which a lamp was burning. So that we may not have occasion to mention again the past history of the characters introduced, we must tell our readers that Marguerite was an orphan, educated at a convent in one of the provinces, but had lately been brought to Paris by M. Norton, to fill the place of governess in one of the richest families of the Faubourg St. Germain. As Marguerite's installation was postponed for a few days, the Abbot begged Madame de Morency to allow the young girl to reside with her, for he did not wish to take a being so young and beautiful to his own home. The Abbot knew how rashly the world judges the most trivial actions of a priest, and therefore did

not wish to give the least pretext to his enemies. He was wrong, however, for he might have taken the smiling Marguerite to his home without giving rise to an uncharitable supposition respecting his conduct. He was known at heart to be too ambitious, tyrannical, and cruel, to be accused of a weakness of that nature; yet no one would have judged from his looks that such was the disposition of the man. He was low in stature, of mean appearance, and his speech, slow and guarded, bespoke the cunning of a grovelling mind.

The Abbot was an author, but all that had come from his pen was stamped with the impression of the most deplorable mediocrity. He cared little about his merits as a writer, for, with a vanity which surpassed that of the most egotistical author, he sneered at the works of others, and shewed a contempt for literary talent. He considered writing a science of no importance, and to cast a reflection upon him as an *ecrivain* would have been the same as to have upbraided Napoleon for not knowing how to handle a musket. Great writers were, by this ambitious man, compared to well-disciplined soldiers, to whom he considered himself the general.

But let us return to our recital.

Besides the three individuals that we have mentioned, M. de Morency lay, half-extended, on a sofa, either sleeping, or thinking, or dreaming. This man possessed a singularly precious faculty, having *reposing periods*, which made him resemble a locomotive engine at rest. In those moments there was nothing about him which could indicate that he was animated, or had the power of motion, for at times he remained for two entire hours squatted in an arm-chair like an inert mass, his eyes open and fixed upon some object; then at a word, or even a sign, the fit of stupor would leave him, and he would begin to discharge his duties with the might and regularity of a well-arranged machine.

These four personages were, for about half-an-hour, absorbed in their respective occupations, when the servant announced Abbot Norton. Marguerite and Jules rose as he entered, and saluted him with that expression of fear which characterizes children when before their schoolmaster. The slight inclination of the head of Madame de Morency had nothing in it of familiarity, and seemed to say, "I know that it is not for me that you have come; address yourself to some one else."

It appeared to be so understood by the Abbot, for, after motioning to the young people to keep their seats, he sat down beside M. de Morency. This *curieux* looked unmeaningly at his visitor, took his former position, and appeared as if waiting till the Abbot would broach the conversation.

The Abbot put his hand into his pocket, drew forth a volume, and asked M. de Morency if he had read it.

M. de Morency looked at the cover and replied, with the greatest immobility, "No!"

"We must have, nevertheless, an article by to-morrow morning upon this '*Recueil de poésies*.'"

M. Morency allowed a grunt to escape, which neither signified surprise, nor displeasure, nor satisfaction, and which absolutely meant nothing, if it was not that he had heard what the Abbot had said. The latter continued,

"I will tell you what this book is." He then gave a rapid analysis of it, pointing out the passages to extract, and turning down the leaves, in order that M. de Morency might find them easily. This gentleman listened, without giving the least sign of having comprehended or heard what was said to him. The Abbot continued, with warmth—

"You understand the purport of this article. The author *des poésies* must deem himself much obliged, and will naturally call to thank us for the criticism; if he come to your house, tell him that I wish to see him, —if he call upon me, I will manage the matter. You will not forget to mention, that no other journal, neither liberal nor ministerial, has taken notice of the work, and that it is only *we* who have appreciated its intrinsic merit without private interest or party spirit."

M. de Morency, without replying, drew near a table, where there were pens, ink, and paper; took the book, and read aloud.

"*Les Aurores Boreales*, par Pierre Chambel." No sooner had he done so, than he began to write, without hesitation or cessation; the steam-engine was at work.

Madame de Morency paid no attention to what was passing between her husband and M. Norton, until the name of Pierre Chambel was pronounced; at the sound of which she shut her book, turned herself round, and asked the Abbot to hand her the book of poetry.

"Who did you say was the author of this work?"

"Pierre Chambel," the Abbot replied.

"It is very strange!" Madame de Morency said. "I do not know who it was that told me that M. Pierre Chambel is the person who has taken the house next to ours."

"Is he a young man?" the Abbot inquired.

"He appeared to me to be about twenty-five years of age."

"Do you know if he is married?"

"I saw a lady with him, who had been very handsome, but she is much older than he is."

"Well, he is the author of the book that you hold in your hands."

This dialogue, trifling in appearance, had awakened the attention of two other individuals. When it was said that M. Pierre Chambel inhabited the next house, Marguerite lifted her eyes from her embroidery; and when the past beauty of Madame Chambel was spoken of, Jules made an enormous blot upon the face of a St. Pierre. But neither the Abbot nor Madame de Morency observed these trifling incidents; the young people, to all appearance, renewed their work with the greatest attention, and Madame de Morency, after casting her eyes upon the *writing* machine, who was dead to all around, said—

"There is, then, some merit in this work?"

"Yes, Madame; the book is exceedingly well written; and it would be a pity to see a man, possessing so much talent as M. de Chambel, fall into the hands of people who might push him into the road, where his magnificent merits would be only an instrument for wicked people, whose principles are perverse."

"The Abbot spoke as he wrote, or, if you will have it, he wrote as he spoke. He had always on the tip of his tongue a host of those interminable phrases, which, in the same manner as clouds sometimes resemble a man, have the appearance of embodying much meaning."

Madame de Morency did not stop to endeavour to find out what the Abbot meant; but on looking at one of the pages that was turned down, replied—

"If it is all like this, I will read it with pleasure."

"It is a very good work," the Abbot replied; then, without any further observation, he said to M. Morency—

"You will sign the article; I wish M. Chambel to know that it was you who wrote the *critique* upon his work."

M. de Morency appeared astonished; and if he had been a man who cared little about giving himself the trouble to pronounce a word for his information, most probably he would have asked the Abbot, "What good will my signing the article do you?"

Madame de Morency, woman and coquette though she was, could not at first make out the intention of the Abbot; she only said to herself, M. Chambel will of course call to thank my husband, and I shall see that young man with pale face, and whose large black eyes are fixed upon me whenever I am at the window. As the reader may see, Madame de Morency foresaw the probable result of the signature; but she did not imagine that it was to effect this object that the Abbot had devised it. The article was finished; he took it, and said to M. de Montmorency—

"Let us hope that God will, by some

means which we cannot foresee, make this young man become one of the supporters of the good cause and of religion, and that if he does not understand the appeal which we now make to his better nature, that God, by means of his grace, will make known what we may expect from him."

M. de Morency again relapsed into his usual state of torpor; Marguerite embroidered with such attention that her respiration seemed affected; Jules painted; and Madame de Morency devoured with avidity the contents of the volume of poetry, on which her husband had written so conscientious an eulogium. Soon after the departure of l'Abbé Norton, M. Milon entered, who—although in person and manners forming a singular contrast to the Abbot—had, it was said, the same hopes and end in view. He was a man of about fifty years, and still preserved, for his age, a youthful appearance; with a distinguished air, which is always young; and good manners, which never grow old. His reception was such as an intelligent man generally receives. Moreover, there existed between him and Madame de Morency a familiarity, which, though sufficiently circumspect, evinced that the *souvenirs* of by-gone times were not altogether forgotten. Although this person is destined to take a part in our history, we would not have mentioned this visit if he had not during the conversation let fall some remarks to which he attached no importance, but which gave a peculiar turn to subsequent events. M. Milon was one of those men who speak with gravity on affairs of importance, but who often in conversation utter the most extravagant ideas, in order to amuse themselves with the credulity of a provincialist, never imagining that their language can have any other effect beyond that of momentary amusement.

"What are you reading?" said he to Madame de Morency. "Ah, I see it is M. Chambel's poetry."

"Have you read it? and are you acquainted with the author?" Madame de Morency inquired.

"I know nothing of the book, and but little of the author."

"I have heard," said Madame Ansier, a literary lady who had just entered, "a strange account of him, in which it was stated that he eloped with another man's wife, and that the husband of the lady was killed shortly afterwards, when on a hunting excursion."

The lady had no sooner finished than M. Milon said, with a sprightly air,

"Ah, my dear, what charming simplicity! you believe that the husband who had the good fortune to lose his wife, had the *maladresse* to kill himself. No, no, my friend; they killed him."

"Who?" exclaimed his listeners.

"O, probably the persons who were with him when the accident happened. Was he alone?"

"No," replied *la femme de lettres*; "he was with his gamekeeper."

"O, it is quite clear," M. Milon said, "a gamekeeper bribed by Chambel, to remove the barrier which separated him from bliss—this done, the lovers got married, and the gamekeeper retired in comfort on his *well-earned* pension."

"What! do you believe this?" Jules said with astonishment.

"Believe it! why not?" said M. Milon, "it could not be otherwise. Ask Madame Ansier if her heroes ever act differently."

Madame de Morency shrugged her shoulders and smiled; Madame Ansier laughed, and thought no more of it; but Marguerite and Jules, who had listened attentively to all that had passed, never imagined that M. Milon could say such things without being certain of their veracity.

(To be continued.)

## RATISBON.

THE following topographical sketch is intended to direct the attention of travellers to an ancient and interesting city, which hitherto has been generally and undeservedly treated with indifference by tourists. For more ample details, the writer of these lines begs leave to refer to a little guide-book for travellers on the Danube, published a year ago, and of which he is preparing a second edition.\*

Ratisbon, (Regensburg, Castra Regina,) the capital of the circle of Oberpfalz, and one of the oldest towns in Bavaria, is situated on the southern bank of the Danube, which here receives the river Regen. The city contains 23,000 inhabitants, 7000 of whom are Protestants. Ratisbon was, as early as the sixth century, the capital of the duchy of Bavaria, and at a later period the temporary residence of the Emperor of Germany—in 792, that of Charlemagne. Previous to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, Ratisbon was the emporium of the commerce with the Levant, but from that time the commercial importance of this city gradually declined. The many sieges Ratisbon subsequently sustained were little calculated to heal the wounds inflicted by such a change; and though in 1663 the seat of the Germanic diet was transferred to this place, Ratisbon never regained its former splendour. Nevertheless, the introduction of steam-boats on the Danube has not been without salutary influence on the industry and commerce of this town.

The streets of Ratisbon are, with few

\* Rally, Donaureise. Von Regensburg bis Linz Wien, 1840. Peter Rohrmann.



exceptions, narrow and tortuous. A feature peculiar to this ancient city is the frequent recurrence of towers (*Streithurme*) connected with private houses, and strongly indicative of the turbulent spirit of those times, in which every man's house was his castle. The annexed engraving represents one of these towers, on which the encounter of David and Goliath is depicted *al fresco*.

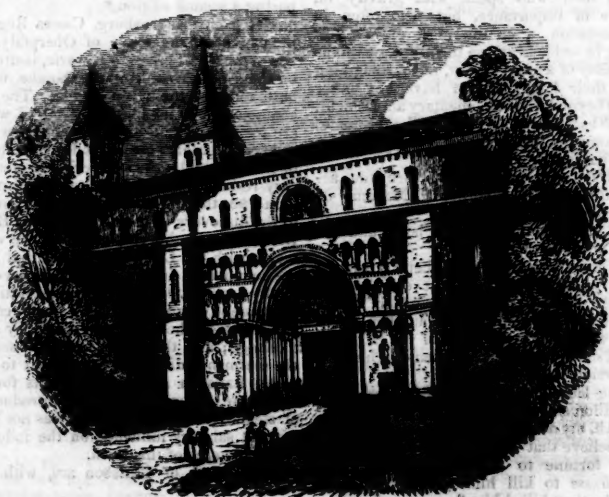
The cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter, is a noble pile, the foundation of which was laid, in 1275, by Bishop Leo Dondorfer; the succeeding prelates continued the erection, which was happily conducted in strict accordance with the original design—a circumstance not frequent with buildings which are the work of several centuries. In 1486 the present façade was finished; a few years later the reformation of Luther (whose doctrines the citizens of Ratisbon readily embraced) put a stop to the progress of the building. The façade is flanked by two towers, which do not rise above the roof of the church. The traveller entering through the principal porch, is forcibly struck by the elegant proportions of the interior: the body of the church is lighted by twenty lofty windows, shewing some excellent specimens of new stained glass, from the manufacture at Munich, while many of the windows of the choir are ornamented with glass paintings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

The chapels of St. Stephen and of All Saints, connected with the cathedral by a row of cloisters, and believed to have been

built by Charlemagne, are interesting relics of the round-arch style, though, perhaps, not so old as generally asserted. In 1639 the cathedral underwent a thorough restoration, by order of the present King of Bavaria, the superintendence of which was entrusted to the inspector of the historical monuments of the kingdom, Mr. de Gaertner: the manner in which the task was executed is highly creditable to this gentleman.

The church of the suppressed convent of St. Emmeram, though neither remarkable for antiquity nor beauty, contains a number of monuments, which cannot fail to excite the interest of the antiquary: the two most ancient of these—the tomb of St. Tuto, the chancellor of the Emperor Arnulphus, (A.D. 890,) and that of Arnoldus Malus, Duke of Bavaria, (A.D. 897)—are worthy of attention, from the simplicity of their sculptural decorations.

In none of the itineraries of the Danube is the interesting Scotch convent of St. James at Ratisbon more than barely mentioned, and yet it contains numerous objects of attraction. It is well known to persons versed in the history of the middle age, that the Benedictines of Scotland sent over to the Continent, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, numerous missionaries of the gospel; thus Scotch convents were founded in most of the principal cities of Germany. As early as 1075, Scotch monks settled at Ratisbon, where they occupied the monastery of St. Peter *extra muros*. In 1109 the



SCOTCH CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, RATISBON.

convent of St. James was founded, and this outlived the suppression of all other monasteries at Ratisbon and that of all Scotch convents throughout Germany. After the introduction of the Reformation into Scotland, the members of the community of St. James devoted themselves to the arduous task of recalling the subjects of that realm to the Roman faith, and kept up a correspondence with the members of the unfortunate Stuart family, until the death of the Chevalier de St. George.\* Many of the ill-fated missionaries of St. James became involved in the civil dissensions that agitated their mother country, and perished in the fruitless attempt to re-introduce the Roman persuasion into Scotland.

The convent is an extensive but irregular building, over the entrance of which are emblazoned the arms of Scotland. In its present state it is a creation of the abbot, Placid Fleming (1699)—a man whose adventurous life would form an admirable subject for the novelist. The monastic community consists at this moment of five individuals, including the abbot, the Reverend James Graham. Ten young Scotchmen are pursuing their studies in the seminary, the director of which is a gentleman of the name of Macdonald. The library contains 16,000 volumes, principally relating to divinity and history: among the manuscripts, the most ancient is the "Codex Evang. Bremensis," remarkable for its beautiful miniatures, and generally ascribed to St. Anselmus, who lived in the ninth century, though in all probability written about two centuries later. A Latin book of homilies, written by the Scotch abbot, Marian, in 1080, contains some Gaelic fragments; and a psalter, in the same idiom, is preserved: the "Chronicon Gulielmi Malmesburiensis," a MS. of the twelfth century, is likewise worthy of notice. Persons interested in the history of the church in Scotland will find great attraction in perusing the "Monasticumoticum"—a manuscript compiled by a member of this convent, named Broekin, and evidently intended as a pendant to Dugdale's "Monasticum Anglicum."

The monastery is connected with the church, the entrance to which exhibits a variety of those inelegant and unsymmetrical ornaments peculiar to that style, commonly called "the Byzantine," the oriental associations of which are strongly marked by the choice of architectural decorations, from the rude imitation of the "leviathan of the deep" to the small palm-leaves that twine round the cannellated columns of the archway. The interior of the church is remarkable for its noble

simplicity; the panelled ceiling is upheld by ten massive pillars, the capitals of which are fantastically ornamented.

The town-hall, or municipal palace, at Ratisbon, consists of two buildings, distinctly different in their style of architecture. In the old town-hall, the meetings of the Germanic diet were held from 1663 to 1803. Little, indeed, remains of the ancient splendour of this place; yet the "Reichssaal," or Hall of the Empire, can, even in its present dilapidated state, be called a magnificent structure. The spacious vaults were appropriated to the custody of prisoners, and still contain the instruments of torture: one of the dungeons is shewn as that of the unfortunate Count Ulric Schaffgotsch, who fell a victim to religious persecution, and was decapitated at Ratisbon, in 1645. The new town-hall contains the municipal offices.

The inhabitants of Ratisbon were known at a very early period for their literary acquirements, and some of the oldest specimens of typography were printed here. The Historical Society possesses an extensive collection of antiquities, coins, &c., and a valuable library; both are, with great liberality, opened to the public. The Botanical Society has likewise a library; both societies publish annually a volume or two of their transactions, with appropriate illustrations.

Unlike most of the ancient towns in Germany, Ratisbon has no suburbs,\* but is, in lieu of these, encircled by shady avenues, in one of which stands a monument erected to the memory of the astronomer Kepler, who died here in 1630.

The celebrated stone bridge, which unites the city of Ratisbon and the borough of Stadtambhof, is remarkable for its age and the peculiar circumstances which attended its erection. In the year 1135, the Duke of Bavaria, Henry Superbus, and the citizens of the free town of Ratisbon, considering the importance of a permanent connexion between Ratisbon and Stadtambhof, or the dual and municipal territory, began to build the present remarkable pile. In an age in which so many taxes, both direct and indirect, were levied by the rulers of the land, the passage of this bridge was declared *free of toll*, or "pontage," for travellers and goods. The bridge when completed, in 1146, was considered one of the wonders of the world: it consisted of seventeen arches, standing on massive piers, through which the heavy-laden barges rushed with fearful impetuosity. Brawls on the bridge, or even baring a weapon, was punished by the

\* The documents of this epistolary intercourse are still preserved in the archives of the monastery.

\* The borough of Stadtambhof, situated on the opposite side of the Danube, is in most travelling books erroneously mentioned as a suburb of Ratisbon.

loss of the right hand, as if it had occurred in *curia regis*. The bridge had its own bridgemaister, estates, and rental, its own arms and seal, (on which the bridge itself was represented, with the legend: "Sigillum gloriosi pontis Ratisponensis;") and for many years the citizens of Ratisbon dated their documents, "Anno a Christo nato et a ponte lapideo exstructo." The bridge partook, and still partakes, of all the faults attached to similar monuments of civil architecture erected in the middle ages, such as the acclivity of the passage, the number of the arches, the size of the piers, and their dangerous vicinity, &c.; and there is no doubt but that the increase of commerce will, in a few years, compel the citizens of Ratisbon to replace the venerable foundation of Henry Superbus by a structure of proportions more adapted to the exigencies of our age.

#### THE SKELETON-ACTOR.

IN the second act of "Der Freischütz" (the scene of the wolf's glen and the casting of the bullets) our readers will recollect that the figure of a human skeleton is introduced on the stage. In the representation of this terrific episode at the Paris Opera, an actual human skeleton is used; and the history of this skeleton is somewhat curious. In the year 1787, a young man, eighteen years of age, Boismaison, a *figurant* belonging to the corps d'opera, fell desperately in love with Nanine Dorival, then a favourite *danseuse* in the same corps de ballet. She gave him some encouragement at first, but eventually bestowed her preference on the serjeant-major in command of the sixty mousquetaires, who nightly mounted guard at the Opera-house. Boismaison quickly perceived his misfortune, looked upon the case as hopeless, and thought only of revenge. One night, after the close of the performance, he challenged his more successful rival in due form, but could obtain from him no sort of satisfaction; the serjeant-major, on the contrary, had him bound hand and foot, ordered him to be conveyed to the vestibule of the house, and there left him to pass the night alone, and in that helpless condition. Early on the following morning, the watchman of the house discovered him in the woful plight above narrated; and having learned from him the particulars of his mishap, he told the story to the whole of the corps dramatique; amongst whom the adventure soon became the subject of general gossip, and a current joke. Poor Boismaison, unable to bear the jeering condolences of his associates and fellow comedians, fell sick, and died broken hearted, having first, however, made an extraordinary will, by which he bequeathed his body to M. Lamairan, the

physician to the Opera; and requested him to preserve his skeleton in the theatre itself, so that, even in death, he might still remain in the proximity of her whom living he had so dearly loved. The last will of the young *figurant* has hitherto been faithfully observed; and his skeleton has continued to form part of the *matériel* or "property" of the Opera Française. Of late years, the *Freischütz* has afforded the opportunity of imparting a new life to his ghastly remains.

G. M.

#### New Books.

*Life, Health, and Disease.* By Edward Johnson, Surgeon.

THE object of this treatise is to explain, in common language, the nature of the animal economy—the *mechanics* of the internal man—the mechanism of life, detailing, step by step, what actually takes place in the performance of each of the functions concerned in the preservation of life and health, and by what causes life is sustained.

The author appears to be a man of considerable talent. His description of the nature of nutrition is elaborately argumentative; but he brings the subject to the level of the humblest capacity by a lucid and simple style. We would willingly transfer it to our columns, but its length forbids; to take a portion of it would be unsatisfactory to our readers and unjust to the author, as it would present a mutilated fragment of what is so logically knit together. But the following quotation, containing some of his remarks on the necessity of exercise to retain the body in health, is not objectionable on those grounds, and may serve as a specimen of his style:—

"As we breathe for the purpose of oxidizing the black blood, then the oftener we are compelled to breathe, the better; because every time we breathe, a portion of black blood becomes oxidized, and fit for use. The increased rapidity of breathing consequent upon exertion is an increased rapidity in the function of oxidizing the blood,—one of the most important of all the living actions. During exertion, we drink, as it were, oxygen from the air. And this oxygen is the only stimulating drink which we can take, with advantage to ourselves, for the purpose of invigorating our strength, and elevating our animal spirits. It is the wine and spirit of life—the true *eau de vie*, with an abundance of which Nature has supplied us ready made, and it is the only one proper to man. If you be thirsty, drink water—if low-spirited, drink oxygen—that is to say, take active exercise, during which you will inhale it.

"Besides all this, every time the blood has completed its circle of circulation, a part of



the great office of nutrition has been accomplished. The more rapidly the blood, therefore, is, by natural means, circulated through the body, the more rapidly does the process of nutrition go on.

"You may compare the living actions to the actions of a hand corn-mill,—the heart representing the first wheel, which puts into motion all the other wheels: and bodily exertion may represent the man who turns the crank attached to the first wheel. Now, the more rapidly the man turns the crank, the more rapid will be the motion of the first, second, third, and all the other wheels; and the more rapidly will the corn be ground. At the same time, if the crank be turned with inconsiderate fury, the machinery may be deranged, and the mill broken. So, bodily exertion is not to be furious. A horse may be ridden to death; and, therefore, bodily exertion may be carried too far. But there is no danger of a man undergoing too much exertion *voluntarily, and for his health's sake*. Pain and fatigue will always operate as sufficient, nay, even irresistible restraints.

"I have said, that persons of sedentary habits become frequently sensible of a feeling of want—a sinking at the stomach, as they express it, which they seek to relieve by eating or drinking. I have said, too, that although these persons require the excitement of a stimulus, yet food or wine does not furnish the stimulus required, but, on the contrary, only adds to the evil. What they want is oxygen.

"You know I have all along mentioned four things as necessary to life; one of which you cannot have forgotten is *STIMULI*. But I shall disuse the word "stimuli;" because, being used in the plural, it is awkward to introduce it correctly without periphrasis; and I will use the word 'excitement' instead.

The exciting properties of arterial, that is, *oxidized* blood, I have just been describing to you, while shewing you how rapid exercise produces its exhilarating effects; viz., by increasing the quantity of arterial blood, and driving it, in rapid currents, through all the countless avenues of the brain and body. It is to the lively leaping of the living current, pregnant as it is with the exhilarating wine of life—oxygen, that we owe all the bounding buoyancy, the elastic light-heartedness, which rapid motion and rapid exercise impart. In one of the volumes of Byron's works is the following note:—  
'A young French renegade confessed to Châteaubriand, that he never found himself alone galloping in the desert without a sensation almost approaching to rapture which was indescribable.' The circumstance of this man being alone in a desert had little to do with his rapturous sensations: he owed them to the rapid circulation and

oxidation of his blood, produced as the joint effects of rapid exercise and rapid motion. The fox-hunter owes his pleasure to the same causes; and also the impunity with which he breakfasts on ale and brandy, and sleeps on half-a-dozen bottles of wine, and rises without a headache.

"I cannot help inserting here a short extract from a very grateful letter I lately received from Stourbridge:—'It is with gratitude,' says the writer, 'that I send these few lines to shew that you have not written in vain. *Before I read your work I had generally bad health—ever since, my health has been excellent, and I feel a happiness within me which I cannot describe*. My employment is sedentary, 'chaffering behind a counter' from seven in the morning till eight at night, yet I manage to get a run or a walk of seven or eight miles before business, and can walk fourteen miles before breakfast with ease, which gives me good appetite, *good humour, and good health*.'

"Excitement, therefore, my dear John, is necessary; we cannot be healthy without it: and you and I only quarrel about the *kind* of excitement. This natural necessity for and craving after excitement is evinced in the numberless habits to which we addict ourselves in order to obtain it. The habits of drinking, snuff-taking, smoking, all owe their favour to the temporary excitement they afford. The reason why we crave after these unnatural kinds of excitement is because we have lost a part of the excitement which is natural and necessary to us. It results from a languid and lazy circulation—a deficiency of oxygen—a gorged state of the venous system with black, de-vitalizing blood, and a deficiency of that stimulating and vivifying blood, whose colour is vermillion, and which is proper to the arteries. Those distressing sensations of sinking, and want, and languor, and low-spiritedness, of which dyspeptics complain, accrue to them from the same causes. They are deficient in excitement—they want excitement; they want to have their brains, and heart, and whole system, stimulated, spurred, by the exciting properties of vermillion oxidized blood, driven merrily and forcibly to every point of the universal tissue.

"We require a stimulant, then, certainly; but the only stimulant which will serve our purpose is arterial blood in energetic circulation: and the only means to procure this is bodily exertion."

*A Fish with a good Swallow.*—One day last week, when Mr. Harrison, of Llantrisant, was "fly fishing" on the river Ely, he caught a trout which weighed about one pound and a quarter. When opened, it was discovered to have an entire full-grown swallow bird in its stomach.—*Welshman.*

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE TOWER OF LONDON.

ITS ANTIQUITY AND FOUNDATION; ITS MAGNITUDE AND EXTENT; ITS KEEP, PALACE, GARDENS, FORTIFICATIONS, DUNGEONS, AND CHAPELS; ITS WALLS, BULWARKS, ETC. ETC.

(Concluded from page 316.)

Most of these records breathe resignation. But the individual who carved the following record, and whose name has passed away, appears to have numbered every moment of his captivity: "*Close prisoner 8 months, 32 weeks, 224 days, 5376 hours.*" How much of anguish is comprised in this brief sentence!

We could swell out this list, if necessary, to a volume, but the above may suffice to shew their general character. Let those who would know how much their forefathers have endured cast their eyes over the inscriptions in the Beauchamp Tower. In general, they are beautifully carved, ample time being allowed the writers for their melancholy employment. It has been asserted that Anne Boleyn was confined in the uppermost room of the Beauchamp Tower. But if an inscription may be trusted, she was imprisoned in the Martin Tower (now the Jewel Tower), at that time a prison lodging.

We shall merely note, in passing, the two strong towers situated at the southwestern extremity of the White Tower, called the Coal Harbour Gate, over which there was a prison denominated the Nun's Bower, and proceed to the palace, of which, unluckily for the lovers of antiquity, not a vestige now remains.

Erected at different periods, and consisting of a vast range of halls, galleries, courts, and gardens, the old palace occupied, in part, the site of the modern Ordnance Office. Commencing at the Coal Harbour Gate, it extended in a south-easterly direction to the Lanthorn Tower, and from thence branched off in a magnificent pile of building, called the Queen's Gallery, to the Salt Tower. In front of this gallery, defended by the Cradle Tower, and the Well Tower, was the privy garden. Behind it stretched a large quadrangular area, terminated at the western angle by the Wardrobe Tower, and at the eastern angle by the Broad Arrow Tower. It was enclosed on the left by a further range of buildings, termed the Queen's Lodgings, and on the right by the inner ballium wall. The last-mentioned buildings were also connected with the White Tower, and with a small embattled structure, flanked by a circular tower, denominated the Jewel House, where the regalia were then kept. In front of the

Jewel House stood a large decayed hall, forming part of the palace, opposite which was a court, planted with trees, and protected by the ballium wall.

This ancient palace—the scene of so many remarkable historical events,—the residence, during certain portions of their reigns, of all our sovereigns, from William Rufus down to Charles the Second—is now utterly gone. Where is the glorious hall which Henry the Third painted with the story of Antiochus, and which it required thirty fir-trees to repair,—in which Edward the Third and all his court were feasted by the Captive John,—in which Richard the Second resigned his crown to Henry of Lancaster,—in which Henry the Eighth received all his wives before their espousals,—in which so many royal councils and royal revels have been held,—where is that great hall? Where, also, is the chamber in which Queen Isabella, consort of Edward the Second, gave birth to the child called, from the circumstance, Joan of the Tower? They have vanished, and other structures occupy their place. Demolished in the reign of James the Second, an ordnance office was erected on its site; and this building being destroyed by fire in 1788, it was succeeded by the present edifice bearing the name.

Having now surveyed the south of the fortress, we shall return to the north. Immediately behind Saint Peter's Chapel stood the habitations of the officers of the then ordnance department, and next to them an extensive range of storehouses, armories, granaries, and other magazines, reaching to the Martin Tower. On the site of these buildings was erected, in the reign of William the Third, that frightful structure, which we trust the better taste of this or some future age will remove—the Grand Storehouse. Nothing can be imagined more monstrous or incongruous than this ugly Dutch toy, (for it is little better,) placed side by side with a stern old Norman donjon, fraught with a thousand historical associations and recollections. It is the great blot upon the Tower. And much as the destruction of the old palace is to be lamented, the erection of such a building as this, in such a place, is infinitely more to be deplored. We trust to see it razed to the ground.

In front of the Constable Tower stood another range of buildings, appropriated to the different officers and workmen connected with the Mint, which, until the removal of the place of coinage to its present situation on Little Tower Hill, it is almost needless to say, was held within the walls of the fortress.

The White Tower once more claims our attention. Already described as having walls of enormous thickness, this venerable stronghold is divided into four stories, in-

cluding the vaults. The latter consist of two large chambers and a smaller one, with a coved termination at the east, and a deeply-recessed arch at the opposite extremity. Light is admitted to this gloomy chamber by four semicircular-headed loopholes. At the north is a cell ten feet long by eight wide, formed in the thickness of the wall, and receiving no light except from the doorway. Here tradition affirms that Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, and composed his *History of the World*.

Amongst other half-obliterated inscriptions carved on the arched doorway of this dungeon are these: HE THAT INDVRETH TO THE ENDE SHALL BE SAVID. M. 10. R. RYDSTON. DAB. KENT. AN<sup>o</sup>. 1553. —BE FEITHFUL VNTO THE DETH AND I WILL GIVE THE A CROWN OF LIFE. T. FANE. 1554. Above stands Saint John's Chapel, and the upper story is occupied by the council-chamber and the rooms adjoining. A narrow vaulted gallery, formed in the thickness of the wall, communicating with the turret stairs, and pierced with semicircular-headed openings for the admission of light to the interior, surrounds this story. The roof is covered with lead, and crowned with four lofty turrets, three angular and one square, surmounted with leaden cupolas, each terminated with a vane and crown.

We have spoken elsewhere, and shall have to speak again of the secret and subterranean passages, as well as of the dungeons of the Tower—those horrible and noisome receptacles, deprived of light and air, infested by legions of rats, and flooded with water, into which the wretched captives were thrust to perish by famine, or by more expeditious means; and those dreadful contrivances, the Little Ease, and the Pit,—the latter a dark and gloomy excavation sunk to the depth of twenty feet.

To the foregoing hasty sketch, in which we have endeavoured to make the reader acquainted with the general outline of the fortress, we would willingly, did space permit, append a history of the principal occurrences that have happened within its walls. We would tell how, in 1234, Griffith, Prince of Wales, in attempting to escape from the White Tower, by a line made of hangings, sheets, and table-cloths, tied together, being a stout, heavy man, broke the rope, and falling from a great height, perished miserably—his head and neck being driven into his breast between the shoulders. How Edward the Third first established a Mint within the Tower, coining florences of gold. How, in the reign of the same monarch, three sovereigns were prisoners there—namely, John, King of France, his son Philip, and David, King of Scotland. How, in the fourth year of the reign of Richard the Second, during the rebellion of Wat Tyler, the insurgents, having possessed

themselves of the fortress, though it was guarded by six hundred valiant persons, expert in arms, and the like number of archers, conducted themselves with extraordinary licence, bursting into the king's chamber, and that of his mother, to both of whom they offered divers outrages and indignities; and finally dragged forth Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, and hurrying him to Tower Hill, hewed off his head at eight strokes, and fixed it on a pole on London Bridge, where it was shortly afterwards replaced by that of Wat Tyler.

How, in 1458, jousts were held on the Tower green by the Duke of Somerset and five others, before Queen Margaret of Anjou. How, in 1471, Henry the Sixth, at that time a prisoner, was said to be murdered within the Tower; how, seven years later, George, Duke of Clarence, was drowned in a butt of malmsey in the Bowyer Tower; and how, five years after that, the youthful Edward the Fifth, and the infant Duke of York, were also said (for the tradition is more than doubtful) to be smothered in the Bloody Tower. How, in 1483, by command of the Duke of Gloucester, who had sworn he would not dine till he had seen his head off, Lord Hastings was brought forth to the green before the chapel, and after a short shrift, "for a longer could not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to until this were done, for saving of his oath," his head was laid down upon a large log of timber, and stricken off.

How, in 1512, the woodwork and decorations of St. John's chapel in the White Tower were burnt. How, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the prisons were constantly filled, and the scaffold deluged with blood. How Sir Richard Empson and Edmund Dudley, the father of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, were beheaded. How the like fate attended the Duke of Buckingham, destroyed by Wolsey, the martyred John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, the wise and witty Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, her brother Lord Rochford, Norris, Smeaton, and others; the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Montacute, and Sir Edward Neville; Thomas, Lord Cromwell, the counsellor of the dissolution of the monasteries; the venerable and courageous Countess of Salisbury; Lord Leonard Grey; Catherine Howard, and Lady Rochford; and Henry, Earl of Surrey.

How, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, his two uncles, Thomas Seymour, Baron Sudley, and Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, were brought to the block; the latter, as has been before related, by the machinations of Northumberland. Passing over, for obvious reasons, the reign of Mary, and proceeding to that of

Elizabeth, we might relate how Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, was beheaded; how the dungeons were crowded with recusants and seminary priests; amongst others, by the famous Jesuits, fathers Campion and Persons; how Lord Stourton, whose case seems to have resembled the more recent one of Lord Ferrers, was executed for the murder of the Hartgills; how Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, shot himself in his chamber, declaring that the jade Elizabeth should not have his estate; and how the long catalogue was closed by the death of the Earl of Essex.

How, in the reign of James the First, Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded, and Sir Thomas Overbury poisoned. How, in that of Charles the First, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Archbishop Laud, underwent a similar fate. How, in 1656, Miles Sunderland, having been condemned for high treason, poisoned himself; notwithstanding which, his body, stripped of all apparel, was dragged at the horse's tail to Tower Hill, where a hole had been digged under the scaffold, into which it was thrust, and a stake driven through it. How, in 1661, Lord Monson and Sir Henry Mildmay suffered, and in the year following, Sir Henry Vane. How, in the same reign, Blood attempted to steal the crown; and how Algernon Percy and Lord William Russell were executed.

How, under James the Second, the rash and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth perished. How, after the rebellion of 1715, Lords Derwentwater and Kenmore were decapitated; and after that of 1745, Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat. How, in 1760, Lord Ferrers was committed to the Tower for the murder of his steward, and expiated his offence at Tyburn. How Wilkes was imprisoned there for a libel in 1762; and Lord George Gordon for instigating the riots of 1780. How, to come to our own times, Sir Francis Burdett was conveyed thither in April 1810; and how, to close the list, the Cato-street conspirators, Thistlewood, Ings, and others, were confined there in 1820.

The chief officer appointed to the custody of the royal fortress is termed the Constable of the Tower—a place, in the words of Stowe, of "high honour and reputation, as well as of great trust, many earls and one duke having been constable of the Tower." Without enumerating all those who have filled this important post, it may be sufficient to state, that the first constable was Geoffrey de Mandeville, appointed by William the Conqueror; the last, Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Next in command is the lieutenant; after whom come the deputy-lieutenant, and major, or resident governor. The civil establishment consists of a chaplain, gentleman-porter, physician, surgeon, and apo-

thecary; gentleman-jailor, yeoman porter, and forty yeomen warders. In addition to these, though in no way connected with the government or custody of the Tower, there are the various officers belonging to the ordnance department; the keepers of the records; the keeper of the regalia; and formerly there were the different officers of the Mint.

The lions of the Tower—once its chief attraction with the many—have disappeared. Since the establishment of the Zoological Gardens, curiosity having been drawn in that direction, the dens of the old menagerie are deserted, and the sullen echoes of the fortress are no longer awakened by savage yells and howling. With another and more important attraction—the armories—it is not our province to meddle.

Viewed from the summit of the White Tower, especially on the west, the fortress still offers a striking picture. In the middle of the sixteenth century, when its outer ramparts were strongly fortified—when the gleam of corselet and pike was reflected upon the dark waters of its moat—when the inner ballium walls were entire and unbroken, and its thirteen towers reared their embattled fronts—when within each of those towers state prisoners were immured—when its drawbridges were constantly raised, and its gates closed—when its palace still lodged a sovereign—when councils were held within its chambers—when its secret dungeons were crowded—when Tower Hill boasted a scaffold, and its soil was dyed with the richest and best blood of the land—when it numbered among its inferior officers, jailors, torturers, and an executioner—when all its terrible machinery was in readiness, and could be called into play at a moment's notice—when the steps of Traitor's Gate were worn by the feet of those who ascended them—when, on whichever side the gazer looked, the same stern prospect was presented—the palace, the fortress, the prison,—a triple conjunction of fearful significance—when each structure had dark secrets to conceal—when beneath all these ramparts, towers, and bulwarks, were subterranean passages and dungeons—then, indeed, it presented a striking picture both to the eye and mind.—*Abridged from Harrison Ainsworth's popular Romance.*

## BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

November 9th, 1841.

A FRAGMENT.

OLD happy England's Royal house hath won  
A boon from Heaven—Victoria bears a son!  
And to her breast, if suffering, yet in joy  
Doth press the likeness of a princely boy!

A Queen, a Wife, a Mother, she is now,  
Wearing the threefold pride upon her brow!  
The pride of Queen, that knows what peals will ring  
When her fond people hail their future King—  
The pride of Wife, whose love, without alloy,  
Clings to the husband who shall share her joy—  
The pride of Mother—pewer, tenderer still—  
That brought her heart its last sweet happy thrill—  
Murm'ring—in tones that could even pain control—  
A kind of angel's whisper to her soul!  
The pride of Queen, Wife, Mother, all in one,  
Blessing the Queen, the Husband, and the Son!

A Prince! a Prince! the buoyant air  
Swells half with gladness, half with prayer!  
A Prince! a Prince! the Royal Boy  
Still shares the blessing with the joy!  
'Tis long since their domestic glory  
Could shine on such a happy story.

Long,—long,—long since  
Such a fond madness fill'd their cry!  
It bursts out of an ecstasy.  
They should be mad!  
They shall be glad!

From every battlement and steeples  
Joy but grows catching,—and her people  
All proud of their Victoria's fame,  
Keep shouting with a loud acclaim,  
A Prince! a Prince!

Who calls Philosophy defied,  
And man a fool, to hail a child?  
Who sneers Humanity to scorn,  
By smiling not, when one is born?  
The Knave, the Cynic,—these alone  
Who, cruel in their littleness,  
A cottage infant cannot bless,  
And hate one near a throne!

The love of Heaven is like the light  
That flasheth from its sun,  
And everlasting spreads its gleams  
According as the hills and streams,  
The woods and waters run!

A landscape here is crowned with gold,  
While there, beside some little wold,  
The sunbeams do but take their flight,  
Between the branches scattering light,  
And inequality pervades  
The warmth of all our hills and glades!—  
The glade will prize one sunbeam more  
Than the broad valley all its ore,  
And yet the vale will yield to birth  
More fruit than all the shaded earth!  
So with the cottage father:—he  
Will dance his girl upon his knee—  
While to her boy his wife will sing,  
And deem her urchin more than king!  
They are the glade! The palace-born  
Comes shining through a sunnier morn.  
He is the yellow mead; his lot  
Yields man more service than the cot  
Could with its tiny blessing yield;  
He scatters harvest o'er a field!  
And from his golden lap of pride  
Can fling out joy on worlds beside!  
Both doth the will of God so make,  
That one shall give while one must take;  
Yet, should humanity be loth  
To say God doth not bless them both?

Give joy—give joy, then, in appropriate share,  
To the boy—peasant and the princely heir!  
And for the *general welfare* be not slow  
To give him *more* who can the *most* bestow!  
Then curs'd be he whose cynic soul would wince,  
When all the empire shouts "A Prince! a Prince!"

A Prince! a Prince! they take from his sweet  
mother,  
The hope of all Britannia's land and throne,  
And bear him for a moment to another  
Chamber of Presence; where intense hath grown

The curious wish and thought of wise and proud  
And Royal guests within that privileged room,  
Who see, and love, while murmurs low, not loud,  
Bless the boy onward to his monarch doom!

Can He in that short span but dream his way  
From Boy to King! what visions fill his soul!  
What a great people is it his to sway!  
What a vast prowess doth his fate control!  
Now he sees childhood pass—pass as it should,  
Under his proud and lovely mother's wing,  
Growing, by imitation, into good,  
From his Queen learning how to be a King!  
Then, in the strength of youth, storing a mind  
Most emulous of wisdom, from his sire,  
True, nervous, graceful, masculine, refined,  
With brains and manhood such as worlds desire  
When they are to be swayed, from men who rule,  
Royal, in fact, alike in heart and school,  
And eying greatness with Promethean fire!

Then shall his strong and British spirit cast  
Its eye upon the past!  
Then shall he gaze  
On England's story, which his soul shall know,  
(Love for her friends, defiance for her foe,)  
With stern and grand amaze!

Oh! what a vision! with its truth to glad  
The exulting glance of proud and princely eyes,  
The histories of all other nations sad  
With the renown of British victories!  
And when the glories of the past grow clouded,  
And through Time's vista, misty to define,  
Then bursting on his gaze, undimmed, unshrouded,  
The brilliant light of his illustrious line!

The wisdom stored within the State  
That Pitt could as a pilot guide!  
The war that saw in Nelson's fate  
A Lion, stemming blood and tide!  
The Peace that came to bless the land,  
(Napoleon captive—justice won),  
And with her laurel-wreathing hand  
Bound brow and sword of Wellington!

Then,—but there is enough:—a train  
Of thought to teach a King to reign  
Is well encompass'd in the ken  
Of the proud lives of those three men,  
Who guided his confiding sires  
Unscathed amid the fiercest fires!

The flag of greatness seems unfurl'd;  
E'en now, to greet him to the world;  
And choicest spirits of the earth  
Are theirs who welcome him to birth.

The warrior old of Waterloo,  
Time-honoured of the band,  
He whom all nations honour too,  
As patriarch of the land.  
The one unflinching Wisdom, true  
In council and command!  
Intrepid Ministers of state,  
Who seek to make Victoria great,  
And bind such virtues to the throne,  
As shall add lustre to her own!  
Her own! which her fond mother wrought,  
Into the trusting heart she taught;  
Till they who daily can behold  
The work—know every thread is gold!  
That mother, too, is there in joy,  
To bless the coming of her boy!

"A Prince!—a Prince!"  
Such a fond madness fills the cry,  
It swells the air with ecstasy;  
From every battlement and steeples  
Joy but grows catching,—and her people,  
All proud of their Victoria's fame,  
Keep shouting, with a loud acclaim,  
"A Prince!—a Prince!"



### A PRINCE OF WALES WITHOUT A SKIN.

THOUGH the fact is sufficiently remarkable, we should think, to command general notice, few, if any, modern historians mention that we had once a Prince of Wales born absolutely skinless. There exists, however, an historical volume, very scarce, and therefore very valuable, published in 1556, on *Magna Charta* and the Statutes, a carefully arranged and authentic work, which mentions the circumstance. It is written in French and Latin, and under the head of *Nomina Regum et eorum coronatio*, announces a list of the kings "who from the time of Saint Edward, King of England, had reigned, down to the most serene King and Queen Phillip and Mary." A series of brief notices of births, coronations, and deaths follows. That to which we particularly direct attention runs thus:—"Richardus II., filius Ed. Principis Wallie, natus sine pella et nutritus in pellibus caprium incepit regnare, xxiii. Junii, anno domini mcccclxxvii."—"Richard the Second, son of Edward Prince of Wales, born without skin, and nursed in skins of goats, began to reign June 23, 1377." J. G.

### The Gatherer.

*Real Love—a noble sentiment.*—Sir Robert Barclay, who commanded the British squadron in the battle of Lake Erie, was horribly mutilated by the wounds he received in that action, having lost his right arm and one of his legs. Previously to his leaving England, he was engaged to a young lady, to whom he was tenderly attached. Feeling acutely, on his return, that he was a mere wreck, he sent a friend to the lady, informing her of his mutilated condition, and generously offering to release her from her engagement. "Tell him," replied the noble girl, "that I will joyfully marry him, if he has only enough of body left to hold his soul."—*English Maiden.*

*A Norman Wager.*—A butcher of Caen had bought a calf of a cattle-jobber in the environs. Half a gallon of cider was to clench the bargain; and the butcher jocosely observed in conversation, among other things, that he meant to smuggle the calf into the town in broad daylight, and to pass the *octroi* publicly, without paying. The cattle-dealer declared this to be impossible; and a wager was accordingly laid between him and the butcher, who merely made this condition, that he should lend him his dog for half an hour. He put the dog into a large sack, which he threw over his shoulder, and away he trudged to the city. On reaching

the *octroi*, he declared he had nothing to pay, as there was only a dog in the sack, which he had just bought and shut up that he might not find his way back to his former master. The officers of the *octroi* would not take his story on trust, and insisted on seeing the dog. The butcher was therefore obliged to open his sack, and the dog naturally availed himself of the opportunity to run away. Off scampered the butcher after him, scolding and swearing all the way. In a quarter of an hour he was again at the *octroi*, with the sack on his shoulder as before. "You have given me a pretty chase," said he, peevishly. Next day he invited the officers to partake of the veal cutlet—with which, having won the wager, he treated them and the cattle-dealer.—*Excursions in Normandy.*

*What's in a Name?*—The real name of the Emperor of China is seldom or ever known. Upon ascending the throne, he assumes a name by which, when spoken of, he must be called; for to pronounce or write his proper one, by accident or intention, is death to the divulger of the secret, and to his family; and if a rich man, the confiscation of his property ensues. A literary man, having accidentally used the word "Ming" (which happened to be the reigning monarch's name) in his work, suffered, with his sons, the extreme penalty of the law; his wife and daughters, with other members of his family, were banished, and his estates confiscated. So much for the mild, inoffensive Chinese, and the humane government of the Celestial Empire.

What boxes govern the world? The cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box, and the band-box.—*New York Paper.*

### MAXIMS.

Never argue with any but with men of sense and temper.

Humanity will direct us to be particularly cautious of treating with the least appearance of neglect those who have lately met with misfortunes, and are sunk in life. Such persons are apt to think themselves slighted, when no such thing is intended. Their minds, being already sore, feel the least rub very severely. And who would be so cruel as to add affliction to the afflicted?

Keep silence, sometimes, upon subjects which you are known to be a judge of; so that your silence where you are ignorant will not discover you.

There is no occasion to trample upon the meanest reptile, nor to sneak to the greatest prince. Insolence and baseness are equally unmanly.

ing to  
sack,  
o that  
o his  
octroi  
nd in-  
er was  
nd the  
ppor-  
d the  
earing  
our he  
on his  
en me  
Next  
of the  
on the  
cattle-

me of  
r ever  
ne, he  
ken of,  
nce or  
inten-  
et, and  
e con-  
literary  
word  
reign-  
ffered,  
of the  
other  
ed, and  
for the  
humane

The  
ry-box,  
r.

men of

icularly  
appear-  
ely met  
in life.  
mselves  
ntended.  
feel the  
ould be  
flicted?

subjects  
e of; so  
ignorant

upon the  
ne great-  
ness are



THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL.